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NO. 12.

## TERMS.

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## Poetical.

## THE LAPSE OF TIME.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Time, which will, in fruitless tears,  
The speed with which our moments fly:  
Which over vanished years—  
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look, how they come!—a mingled crowd  
Of bright and dark, and rapid days;  
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,  
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What grief that time has brought so soon  
The sober age of manhood on;  
As I might I weep at noon,  
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow  
In prospects like Elysian isles,  
And let the charming future go,  
With all her promises and smiles.

The Future—eruel were the power  
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart;  
Thou sweetest of the present hour,  
We cannot—no, we will not part.

Oh leave me still the rapid flight  
That makes the changing seasons gay;  
The grateful speed that brings the night,  
The swift and glad return of day.

The months that touch, with added grace,  
This little trill at my knee—  
Those arch eyes, and speaking face,  
New meaning every hour I see.

The years that o'er each sister land  
Shall lift the country of my birth,  
And raise her strength till she shall stand  
The pride and pattern of the earth.

Till yonder commonwealth, for aid,  
Shall lift the country of my birth,  
And raise her strength till she shall stand  
The pride and pattern of the earth.

Time, time will sore and blanch my brow;  
Well I shall sit with aged men,  
And my good glass will tell me how  
A grizzled beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie  
Upon my head when I am gray,  
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,  
And soothe the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time, 'tis kindness all  
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;  
Thy pleasures stay not 'till they pall,  
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou diest and bearest away our woes,  
And as thy shadowy train depart,  
The memory of sorrow grows  
A lighter burden on the heart.

THE HAPPY FIRESIDE.  
The hearth was clear, the fire was clear,  
The kettle on for tea,  
Collins was in his elbow chair,  
As best as man could be.

Carinda, who his heart possessed,  
His loved—his new-made bride,  
With head reclined upon his breast,  
Sat lying by his side.

Stretched at his feet in happy state;  
A favorite dog was laid,  
By whom a little sportive cat  
In wondrous humor played.

Carinda's hand he gently press'd,  
And stole a pleasing kiss;  
She blush'd and modestly confess'd  
The fullness of her bliss.

Collins, with honest heart elate,  
Prayed to benignant Jove,  
That it might be allowed his fate,  
Just so to live and love.

"Be this my sum of joys," he cried,  
"And if no more be given  
Continue this, my fireside,  
I'll praise indulgent heaven."

MISCELLANEOUS.  
From the Woodsman.  
AF AFFAIRE.  
[Translated from the French.]

A STUDENT OF PROF. VILLEPLAITE.  
In one of the most picturesque situations  
The environs of Paris, Mr. L. a rich capi-  
talist, possessed a very handsome chateau,  
where he spent the most agreeable months  
of the year. Lately a sulky stop before the  
gate of the park, and from it descends a  
man whose fashionable dress, open  
casquette, and graceful tourney, denoted  
a member of Bourso or Fortoni. The  
woodsman, announces himself and is ad-

mitted. The master of the house was set-  
tling carelessly on an ottoman in gown and  
slippers, in an apartment decorated with all  
the luxury of the capital. For Mr. L. found  
himself a little inclined to the maxim "*Home  
des champs*," he liked to transport pa-  
ris into the country village, and he thought  
that in the country, more than in the village,  
one would want those comforts and luxuries,  
which in multiplying the senses, increase the  
sphere of existence.

"Be so kind as to sit down," said Mr. L.  
with that inward satisfaction, with which  
one in the country always greets a citizen of  
the town.

"You will excuse me, sir," said the young  
man, seating himself for disturbing your quiet,  
for the purpose of entertaining you with  
projects of gain and speculation. But the  
affair which I wish to communicate to you,  
is so important, its consequences are so mor-  
ally useful to society, so peculiarly exhor-  
tant for the undertaker that I thought you  
would pardon my zeal, and that you would  
willingly devote some time to hearing it."

"Speak, sir, I will hear you," said the  
capitalist, crossing his legs, and with dignity,  
throwing over them his gown of large di-  
mensions.

"Who ever thought that at a close of a  
century of doubt and uncertainty like the  
last, we should enter into one so eminently  
arrangeur assure," said the young gen-  
tleman, with an air altogether solemn. "In  
the eighteenth century writers endeavor to  
overthrow every thing, because they doubted  
every thing. In the nineteenth century they  
doubted nothing at stake. It has by in-  
surance society been reorganized. The man  
of gain governs his destiny, that god which  
governs the world. What is not insured  
now-a-days? Every step we make through  
life can be insured, even death itself. The  
power of insurance extends itself even to the  
tomb; our future life can be insured (by  
the erection of a tomb stone), and it is also  
proposed to insure the disgrace of the mar-  
ried state, which would be a great service  
rendered to humanity. The Romans who  
gave distinctions to all the married, knew  
nothing of civilization. If you wish any  
one to pluck a rose, take away the thorns;  
or at least insure the finger against the pain.  
It is said that Mrs. H— wishes to form a com-  
pany for the purpose of insuring crowns,  
and that a great many men of the country  
who fear misfortune have had their success  
insured. In a word *l'assurance* in all its  
bearings and degrees, appears to be a solution  
a problem of human nature, so vainly sought  
for by Tourtier, Zaim, Simore, Robert O-  
wen, and other philanthropists.

"Where are you going with this problem?"  
interrupted the capitalist, with a dry and  
metallic voice like the jingle of an hundred  
francs thrown into a sack.

"In a moment I will come to the point.  
You know well that it must be positive,  
actual and palpable, continued the capitalist,  
dwelling longer and longer on each of these  
expressions.

"My project unites all these qualities."  
"Oh, well! then tell me, without any more  
preliminaries, what it is."

"You see it is a very delicate subject and I  
must prepare."

"I think I discover that it is a project of  
insurance! What do you wish to insure,  
sir?"

"Since I must speak plainly, it is to in-  
sure young persons against what makes life  
unhappy, too long celibacy."

"Humph!" murmured the capitalist, replac-  
ing the skirts of his gown, which this  
slight movement of irritation deranged, "that  
idea is ingenious enough."

"You see the desire of having a husband  
will cause all the young ladies to have them-  
selves insured, and that the undertaking will  
very soon realize large profits."

"Yes, I understand it; but the insurance  
fee, how will you regulate that?"

"That should be graduated according to  
beauty, fortune, and talents; for the chances  
of celibacy will not be the same for all our  
young *assurees*. They should only be in-  
sured to a certain age. Some should be in-  
sured till twenty years, others to twenty-five;  
others to thirty; others to thirty-five. If af-  
ter the expiration of the appointed time, the  
insured remains husbandless, the indemnity  
will be paid and this same indemnity will  
serve often as a dowry to find a husband."

"It is well; but the company reserves the  
right of acting as it thinks best, that the in-  
sured may obtain a husband by the appoint-  
ed time?"

"Certainly, the company will not renounce  
the privilege of making happy couples. It  
will have its agents, its courtiers, its match-  
makers; it will put in action all means of se-  
duction in order to marry off the insured."

"Thus it will seldom have to pay an in-  
demnity, and this is why the affaire is su-  
perb."

"Yes, the advantages will be certain."

"Many advantages and no losses, it is the  
plus ultra in speculation. If one insures  
death, he cannot prevent men from dying; if  
one insures houses, against fire, he cannot  
prevent them from burning; if one insures  
vessels against storms, he cannot prevent  
them from being wrecked; if one insures  
men against conscription, he cannot cause a  
smaller number of men to be enrolled; but  
by ensuring against celibacy, one can make  
men marry."

It is well understood that the company  
shall always have on hand a collection of  
gentlemen, lawyers, physicians, writers, mer-  
chants, &c. who will serve as pawns to tre-  
pan the hearts of the young insured."

"It is a condition indispensable to success,  
and you must repose its care to me."

"Well I am at your service, and I desire  
this affaire remain entirely between us two.  
No noise, no wheedling, no actions; it is

past—it is not necessary. Mystery, my  
friend, discretion and activity, that is the way  
to succeed."

"Know without fear, that I have the same  
intent as you."

"Then you will bring me the act organi-  
zing the company as soon as it is prepared.  
I will advance five hundred thousand francs,  
a sum sufficient for the debut of the enter-  
prise. You yourself will promise your zeal  
and endeavors. The gains will be divided.  
You see I have acted generously."

The young man leaves Mr. L— ext-  
remely well pleased with his visit, mounts  
leisurely his sulky, and returns to Paris.

The next day he carries the capitalist the  
charter reduced to proper terms. After hav-  
ing read and signed, he returns it to the  
young man and says:

"Sir, you are now the director of the *Hy-  
men Insurance Company*. I wish you pros-  
perity. To prove to you how much I have  
at heart the success of our enterprise, I will  
make you insure my daughter. I wish  
her to be the first to figure in the list of  
young women insured to obtain a husband.  
Fill up the certificate."

"Age?" demands the director.  
"Nineteen."  
"Name?"  
"Euphemia L—."

"Figure?"  
"Handsome enough."  
"Accomplishments?"  
"Music, painting, dancing, and horticul-  
ture."

"Fortune?"  
"A million by inheritance, and 500,000  
francs by dowry."

"All is very well, sir."  
"You yourself, will fix the amount of fee,  
and the age after which the indemnity is to  
be paid, if she be not married, said the father  
boldly."

"There is great hope that Miss Euphemia  
will not oblige us to pay the indemnity."

The young contractor salutes his new as-  
sociate, and departs. In crossing the parter-  
re of the chateau to regain his sulky, which  
was waiting at the gate of the park, he per-  
ceived a young woman in a white dress,  
standing, watering pot in hand, in the midst  
of flower pots, over which she showered a  
fine and brilliant rain, singing an air of ro-  
mance. The bunches of her black hair,  
slightly agitated by the breeze, gave a  
glimpse of a neck whiter than the flowers  
which she watered. Her slender height  
balanced itself, like the plant stem of her  
flowers. She is herself the handsomest of  
all that garden, where all seems in rivalry  
for beauty and freshness. On seeing her the  
young director said to himself, that is cer-  
tainly the daughter of Mr. L—, my first  
assuree. Oh! I have concluded an excel-  
lent bargain. I have played well. Then  
while directing his steps to the gate, he  
threw an expressive look toward the young  
lady.

Fifteen days hardly elapsed, when Mr.  
L— returned to his hotel of Chaussee d'-  
Antin. It was at the desire of his daughter,  
that he determined to return to Paris. He  
was astonished that his dear Euphemia, who  
had loved the country and its flowers so  
much, should take an aversion to it and long  
for a return to the city, although summer and  
the fine weather were far from being passed.

He sought to discover the motives of this  
singular preference, and spoken often to him-  
self in this manner: "Is it perchance, that  
Euphemia after being insured against celibacy  
wishes to return to Paris?" In fine he  
could not doubt that his daughter was in  
love. It needed no great penetration to dis-  
cover it. For, every day, the color and gai-  
ety of his child fled, and the sad Euphemia  
languished, consumed by an evil which she  
dared not disclose. Her flowers, her piano,  
her pencils, she abandoned all, and often an  
involuntary tear betrayed her emotion and  
wandering desires. But who could she be  
in love with? How could that passion have  
found a place in her breast? There must  
be some mystery attending it.

Mr. L— was lost in conjecture, but as  
he loved his daughter tenderly, he resolved  
to anticipate an evil which made such rapid  
progress.

"My dear Euphemia, for some time back  
you have become very serious; why is this?  
What new sentiment has glided into your  
breast? Tell me without fear, for you  
know how much I love you. Have you  
chosen any young man—dost thou dream  
of marriage? If it were a suitable match, you  
cannot doubt how happy I would be to unite  
you to one who would render you happy."

"In truth, dear father, I acknowledge I  
love," replied Euphemia, with that timidity  
and embarrassment, against which, a young  
girl when making a candid acknowledgement  
of love, even to her father, cannot de-  
fend herself.

"And whom dost thou love?" said Mr. L.  
like one who thinks himself on the point of  
discovering what he seeks.

"It is secret as well as mine," said Euphe-  
mia meekly, "ought I to disclose it without  
his consent?" Let me retain his name, until  
he himself—

This reserve only excited the curiosity of  
Mr. L—, and he pressed his daughter still  
more to disclose the name of her lover.

"Give me three days more," said Euphe-  
mia, "in three days I will tell you all."

The day after this conversation, the direc-  
tor of the new *Hymen Insurance Company*,  
comes to pay visit to the capitalist.

"Good morning, my dear friend, cried Mr.  
L— as soon as he perceived him, 'you  
could never guess, that—'

"What?"  
"My daughter is already in love."

"Perhaps it is the effect of insurance."  
"It is a wonderful effect any how."

"Hardly had a month elapsed since she  
was insured, when?"

"Persevere, you are fortunate."

"Yes, the risk has proved lucky for us."  
"Such another example as this, and our  
business will be extolled to the clouds."

They were speaking thus when Euphe-  
mia entered. She blushed on seeing the  
young director.

"That is my daughter," said Mr. L—  
"how do you like her?"

"Extremely well. I will insure that she  
does not pass her nineteenth year, without—"  
"Father," said Euphemia, regarding by  
turns the two interlocutors, I promised to  
tell whom I loved, behold him there!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Mr. L—, stu-  
pified.

"According to our laws, said the young di-  
rector, gravely, 'I ought not to let the ap-  
pointed time elapse, without—'

"It is right. But Euphemia, how have  
you become acquainted with this gentle-  
man?"

"I saw him the first time in the country,  
only in passing; afterwards he came every  
day; he assisted me to water my flowers; we  
walked in the park, he addressed me in po-  
etry, he enriched my album with the most  
beautiful paintings; at length, when I found  
his visits too short, I pinned for Paris, that I  
might see him oftener and longer at a time."

"In the most profound secrecy that—"  
"Come my dear director, you are a cun-  
ning fellow," exclaimed Mr. L—, aston-  
ished at all he had heard.

"I protest that I did nothing but my duty."  
"I have no more to say. My daughter  
loves you; she is yours. You have already  
the 500,000 francs of dowry."

"An Affaire of gold!" said the young man,  
taking the hand of Euphemia, "that will  
bring us custom, and we will gain millions."  
C. C.

## MAN OVERBOARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MUTINY."

"Meet her, quartermaster!" balled the  
officer on the deck; "hold on every body!"

Torn from my grasp upon the captain by  
a mountain wave which swept us in its power,  
I was borne over the lee bulworks, and  
a rope which I grasped in my passage, not  
being belayed, unrove in my hands, and I  
was buried in the sea.

"Man overboard!" Ran along the decks.  
"Cut away the life-buoy!"

Stunned and strangled, I rose to the sur-  
face, and instinctively struck out for the ship;  
while, clear above the roar of the storm, and  
the day of the cold, terrible sea, the loud  
thunder of the trumpet came full upon my  
ear.

"Man the weather main and maintopail  
braces; slack the lee ones; round in; stand by  
to lower away the lee quarter boat!"

My first plunge for the ship, whose dim  
outline I could scarcely perceive, in the al-  
most pitchy darkness of the night, most for-  
tunately brought me within reach of the  
life-buoy grating. Climbing upon this I  
used the futility rope, still in my hand, to  
lash myself fast, and thus freed from the fear  
of immediate drowning, I could more quietly  
watch and wait for rescue.

The ship was not hidden from my sight,  
but being to leeward, I could with consid-  
erable distinctness make out her whereabouts  
and judge of the motions on board. Direct-  
ly, a single lantern, glanced at her peak; and  
oh! how brightly shown that solitary beam  
on my straining eye—for though rescued  
from immediate peril, what other succor  
could I look for, in that fearful swell, on  
which no boat could live a moment? What  
could I expect, save a lingering horrid death?

Within a cable's length, lay my floating  
home, where ten minutes before not a light-  
er heart than mine was enclosed by her  
frowning bulworks; and though so near that  
I could hear the rattling of her rigging, and  
the rustling thunder of her canvass, I could  
also hear, those orders from her trumpet,  
which extinguished all hope.

"Belay all with that boat!" said a voice  
that I knew right well; "she can't live a  
minute!"

My heart died within me, and I closed  
my eyes in despair. Next fell upon my ear  
the rapid notes of a drum beating to quarter,  
with all the clash and tramp, and roar of  
nightarms; while I could also faintly hear  
the mustering of the divisions, which was done  
to ascertain who was missing. Then came the  
hissing of a rocket, which bright and clear,  
soared to heaven; and again falling, its mo-  
mentary glare was quenched in the waves.

Drifting from the ship, the hum died away;  
but see—that sheet of flame—the thunder of  
gun boomed over the stormy sea. Now the  
blaze of the blue light illumines the darkness  
of the ship, still near me!

"Maintop there!" came the hail again;  
"do you see him to the leeward?"

"No sir!" was the chill reply.

The ship now remained stationary, with  
her lights aloft, but I could perceive nothing  
more for some minutes; they had given me  
up for lost!

That I could see the ship, those on board  
well knew provided I had gained the buoy;  
but their object was to discover me, and now  
several blue lights were burnt at once on  
various parts of the rigging. How plainly  
could I see her rolling in the swell—at one  
moment engulfed, and in the next rising  
clear above the wave, her bright mast and  
white sails glancing, the mirror of hope, in  
this fearful illumination; while I, covered  
with the breaking surge, was tossed wildly  
about, now on the crest, now in the trough  
of the sea.

"There he is, sir! right a beam!" shouted  
twenty voices, as I rose upon the wave.

"Man the braces!" was the quick, clear,  
and joyous reply of the trumpet; while to  
cheer the forlorn heart of the drowning sea-  
man the martial tones of the bugle rung out,  
"Boarders away!" and the chill call of the  
boatswain piped, "haul taut and belay!"

And the noble ship, blazing with light, fell off be-  
fore the wind.

A new danger now awaited me; for the  
immense hull of the sloop of war came  
plundering around, bearing directly down  
upon me; while her increased proximity  
enabled me to discern all the minutiae of  
the ship, and even to recognize the face of  
the first lieutenant, as trumpet in hand, he  
stood on the forecastle.

Nearer yet she came, while I could move  
only as the wave tossed me; and now the  
end of her flying jib-boom is almost over my  
head!

"Hard a port!" hailed the trumpet at this  
critical moment round in weather main braces;  
right the helm!"

The spray from the bows of the ship, as  
she came up, dashed over me, and the in-  
creased swell buried me for an instant un-  
der a mountain wave; emerging from which  
there lay my ship, hove to, not her length to  
windward!

"Garnet," hailed the lieutenant from the  
lee gangway, "are you here my lad?"

"Ay, ay sir!" I shouted in reply; tho' I  
doubted whether, in the storm, the response  
could reach him; but the thundered cheer-  
ing which despite the discipline of a  
man of war, now rung from the decks and  
ringing put that fear to rest, and my heart  
bounded with rapture, in joyous hope of speedy  
rescue.

"All ready?" hailed the lieutenant again;  
"heave!" and four ropes, with small floats  
attached, were thrown from the ship and fell  
around me. None, however, actually touch-  
ed me; and for this reason the experiment  
failed; for I could not move my unwieldy  
grating, and dared not leave it; for by so  
doing, I might in that fearful swell miss the  
rope, and be unable to regain my present po-  
sition, and down between the two chances of  
escape.

I was so near to the ship, that I could re-  
cognize the faces of the crew on her illumina-  
ted deck, and hear the officers as they told  
me where the ropes lay; but the fearful al-  
ternative I have mentioned, caused me to  
hesitate, until I, being much lighter than the  
vessel, found myself fast drifting leeward. I  
then resolved to make the attempt, my resolu-  
tion again faltered, and the precious and  
final opportunity was lost! Now, too the  
storm, which, as if in compassion, had tem-  
porarily lulled, roared again in full fury; and  
the safety of the ship required that she should  
be put upon her course.

## Knickerbocker.

FIRE ON THE STEAMBOAT  
DIANA.

The new and splendid boat DIANA, made  
a narrow escape from destruction by fire  
about three miles below this place on Sunday  
night last. The particulars, as we have  
heard them from Mr. N. Andrus of this  
place, who came passenger on the Diana,  
are as follows:

About 10 o'clock, P. M., when at the  
head of President's Island, smoke was dis-  
covered issuing from the forward hatch, at-  
tended with a smell as of burning pine. Up-  
on examination it was found to proceed from  
a fire in the hold about midway the boat,  
beneath the engines. About this time the  
tiller chains, which passed under the boiler  
deck, were discovered to have parted, and  
but for the skill and management of the pilot  
and engineer, the boat would have been com-  
pletely unmanageable. She was however,  
run upon the Arkansas shore, where the  
passengers, among whom were a number of  
ladies, were landed in safety. The fire had  
in the meantime gained ground, and was  
kept under only by keeping the hatches closed  
and covered with wet cloths. Apertures  
were then cut in the deck over the fire and  
set the engines to work. After several  
hours strenuous exertions it was extin-  
guished. On examination, the fire was dis-  
covered to have originated in several tons of  
tarred oakum. The cargo was more or less  
injured by the fire and water, and consider-  
able damage was done to the timbers of the  
boat by the fire. There were several tons  
of freight for this place on board, which  
fortunately had been taken out of the hold  
and put on deck, ready to be put off. By 3 o'clock  
in the morning the boat was again under  
way, and after a short stoppage at our land-  
ing, passed on up the river.

## Memphis Enquirer.

## L. E. L.

The gossiping Liverpool correspondent  
of the New York Star thus alludes to un-  
pleasant rumors relative to the cause of the  
death of Mrs. Maclean.

"We have no late news from Cape Coast  
Castle, and therefore the mystery of poor  
L. E. L.'s death is not removed. It is cer-  
tainly that she had no prussic acid in her me-  
dicine chest, when she quitted England—"

Who supplied it? Had it been in her pos-  
session any time while she lived? The story  
of her having been poisoned by a jealous,  
half-caste mistress of her husband's is now  
revived. That woman, with her children  
by Maclean, lived in the castle during his  
absence. Of her marriage she was igno-  
rant, and with the rude affection of her race,  
resolved to make the day of his return a ho-  
liday. Well, he came back, and instead of  
taking his bride to his town house, (the cas-  
tle) carried her to a merchants some way  
up the settlement, where they remained some  
days. When she did become a resident in  
the castle, she was excluded certain parts of  
it. It is hinted that the ex-mistress was  
there retained, and that she destroyed her rival.  
All this very horrible! I fear that  
the cloud will not be removed.

## Philadelphia Courier.

Horrid Death.—Mr. A. Cotright, of  
Binghamton, Mass. was frozen to death on  
the evening of the 2d ult., whilst in a state  
of intoxication.—16

## LIST OF ACTS

passed at the third session of the 25th Con-  
gress.

## ACTS OF A PUBLIC NATURE.

An act making appropriations in part for  
the support of Government for 1839.

An act making appropriations for the ci-  
vil and diplomatic expenses of Government  
for 1839.

An act making appropriations for the sup-  
port of the army for the year 1839.

An act making appropriations for the cur-  
rent and contingent expenses of the Indian  
Department, and for fulfilling treaty stipula-  
tions with the various Indian tribes for the  
year 1839.

An act making appropriations for pre-  
venting and suppressing Indian hostilities  
for 1839.

An act making appropriations for the  
Naval service for 1839.

An act making appropriations for the  
payment of the Revolutionary and other  
pensioners of the U. S. for 1839.

An act making appropriations for build-  
ing a pier at the northern extremity of  
Winnebago Lake, and for other purposes.

An act to amend an act entitled, "an act  
to require the judge of the district of East  
and West Tennessee to hold a court at Jack-  
son, in said State," approved June the 18th  
1830.

An act in addition to an act to promote  
the progress of the useful arts.

An act to amend the act of the 3d March,  
1837, entitled "an act supplementary to the  
act entitled an act to amend the judicial sys-  
tem of the United States;" and for other pur-  
poses.

An act to prohibit the giving or accept-  
ing, within the District of Columbia, of a  
challenge to fight a duel, and for the punish-  
ment thereof.

An act to abolish imprisonment for debt  
in certain cases.

An act in amendment of an act respecting  
the judicial system of the U. States.

An act to reorganize the district courts of  
U. S. in the State of Alabama.